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Oregon Pioneers

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Oregon Pioneers

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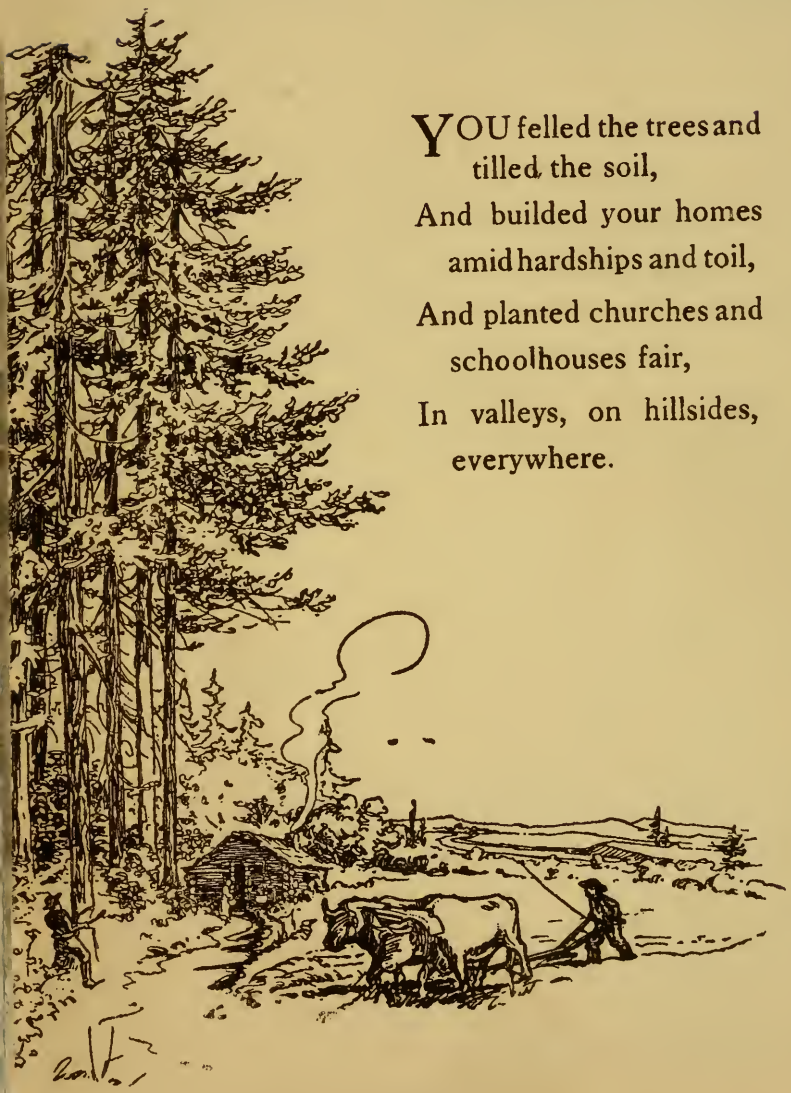
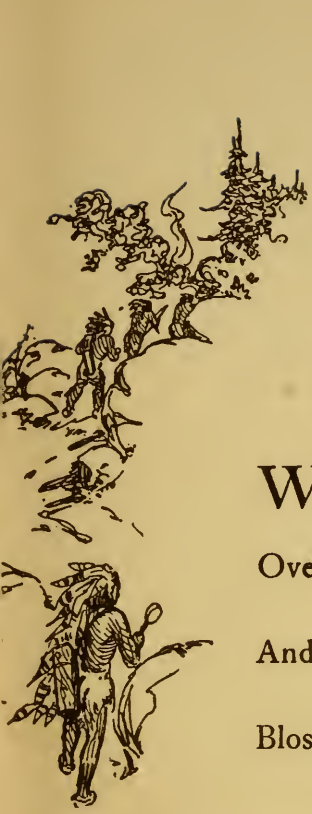
Oregon Pioneers

YOU followed the trail long years ago,
With footsteps light and hearts aglow,
To this Western land, now a nation's pride,
Where Columbia rolls to the ocean wide.

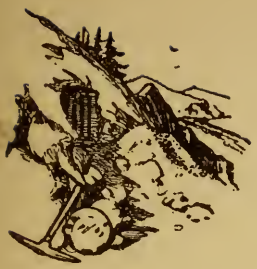
YOU felled the trees and
tilled the soil,
And builded your homes
amid hardships and toil,
And planted churches and
schoolhouses fair,
In valleys, on hillsides,
everywhere.





WHERE the war-whoop
rang is the whistle of trains,
Over mountains and rivers and
fertile plains;
And flowers and fruits and pro-
ducts rare,
Blossom and flourish in Oregon
air.

THE old mill-wheel, the
"schooner," canoe,
Gave place to the cry for all
things new,
And the wigwam's smoke and
the camp-fire's gleam
Have passed from your sight as
a midnight dream.

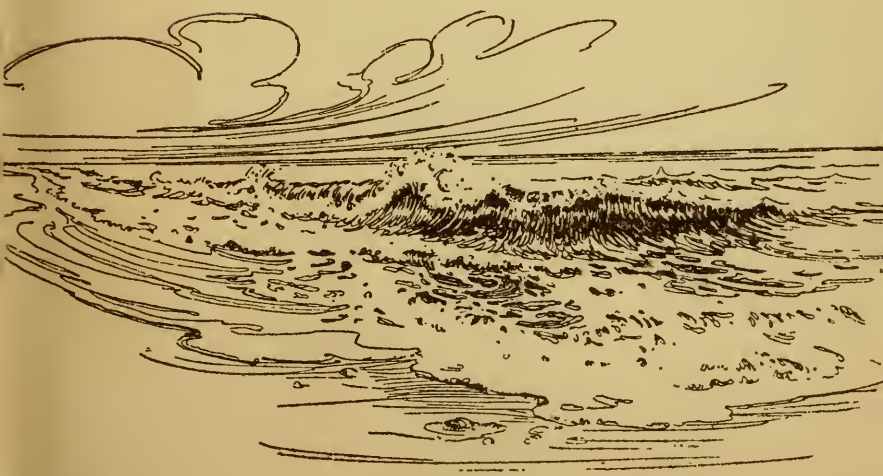


IN 'forty-nine and the days of old
You dug your wealth from the mountain's bold.
Now the mills and the mints lay the world's vast stores
Of treasure and gold at your very doors.

ON the trail of life you have traveled far,
You have built a state, and now ajar,
See the gates to that city of love and light,
In the Fatherland where there is no night.

THE days of old, and the
days of gold,
Have passed away as a tale
that is told;
But their memory dear will
linger still,
And brighter grow down
life's long hill.

THE trail of life leads on to
that sea,
Which washes the shores of
eternity,
But the glory of sunset illum-
ines the tide
As you launch away for the
other side.



THERE loved ones who journeyed
with you through the years,
Bravely sharing your hardships and
joys and tears,
Now joyously, lovingly wait, as of
yore,
To welcome you home when life's
journey is o'er.

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